



BEAUTY
AND THE
BEAST

JEWEL KILLIAN

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Beauty and the Beast

Once Upon a Happy Ever After *Book II*



Jewel Killian



Beauty and the Beast

I couldn't take my eyes off her. But I couldn't have her. Not now. Not ever.

Not with this curse hanging over my head.

Not a real curse, this isn't a fairytale. But I am cursed with a very specific need. One that scares everyone I've ever told. One that makes people look at me with such horror and disgust I've stopped telling people. I've stopped thinking that I'll find someone who can handle what I need. Because no one can.

But I couldn't seem to keep my eyes off the stunning girl in a golden dress.

I hadn't planned on coming to the ludicrous ball tonight. Balls, formal attire, waltzing, none were my thing. But, it was the charity event to be seen at if you were part of the upper echelon New York elite. And I needed some very top tier eyes on me. I didn't expect to catch the eye of a brown haired beauty though.

It would take everything I had to keep my cool around her. Everything within me not to throw her over my shoulder and show her how much of a beast I truly was.

The crowd parted for me as I made my way to the bar. Alcohol always dulled the need. But she intercepted me, stood right in my way and said hi to me. I grunted, pushed by her and sidled up to the bar. Two drinks down with another on the way and I finally felt more in control. The bartender

slid my third bourbon down the bar and I took a long sip, turning to face the crowd.

“Hi, I’m Belle, and you’d better not drink too much or you won’t be up for what I have in mind for you.” She was right in front of me smirking, standing so close she had to crane her neck to make eye contact.

“Excuse me?” I growled, clenching the rocks glass.

“You heard me, but I’ll spell it out.” She stepped toward me her big brown eyes locked on mine. “You’re *exactly* what I need tonight. Why don’t we go back to your place?”

The rocks glass shattered in my hand.

Her lips curved into a grin. “Been a while, has it?”

I stepped closer to her, intentionally putting myself in her space. “I don’t know who you think you are *princess*—”

“I already said, I’m Belle. And I’m certain I have exactly what you need.”

Each book in the Once Upon a Happy Ever After series is a complete standalone, HEA story with NO CLIFFHANGERS and NO CHEATING.

Who doesn’t want a love/lust-at-first-sight experience? Who doesn’t want to be devoured and possessed by a man who simply can’t control himself around you? Who doesn’t want a man to want you so much it makes him a little crazy? If that sounds good to you then this is especially for you.

But just so you know what you’re in for:

The books in this series are quick and dirty twisted fairy tales with dark, dominating alpha males, insta-lust scenarios, and steamy explicit sexiness that’ll melt your panties. If you like extra dirty stories with BDSM overtones, then this one is definitely for you. And as always, HEA with NO CHEATING!

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This book is intended for adult audiences.

Chapter One

Belle



Who was that? I wondered when a familiar looking redhead in a blue gown entered the ballroom. She was late, really late, and her ball gown wasn't quite to dress code. I made my way over to introduce myself but first, I had to vet her.

"Pretty risky wearing a dress like that," I said, smoothing the beaded bodice of my own golden floor length gown. The Viennese Opera Ball was the highlight of the social season for the Upper East Side elite. With that came a strict dress code, floor length ball gowns for the women, and white tie and tails for the men.

"How do you mean?" she asked sweetly. Okay, even if her dress was too short in the front she was clearly a fellow debutante. No way would a person without etiquette training respond with such composure.

I smiled my most charming smile. "Well, it's not to dress code, obviously." I didn't like trading not-so-veiled insults with a smile and acerbic tone, but it was the game of vetting. I had to know she could play before I let her in.

"Sara-Belle?" she asked. "Sara-Belle French?"

My jaw dropped and my hand went to my necklace. Could it be? “Ella? Is that you? Heavens it’s been forever!” I rushed my former best friend, wrapping her in a hug. We’d been so close as children. Then her father remarried that awful Tremaine woman and I didn’t see her anymore. “I’m so sorry about your father. He was such a good man.”

Ella nodded gracefully. “Thank you.”

“Well, we *must* get together and catch up. I need to know where you’ve been all these years.”

“I’m not sure how long I’ll be staying in New York,” she said.

“Oh, what do you mean?” I asked but my attention was drawn to another late-comer. This was no debutante. He was enormous. At least six and a half feet tall with muscles so big I was sure he’d had his white suit custom made. *All* of his clothes must have been custom.

He was exactly my type and headed straight for me. My heart raced as he made his way through the crowd that seemed to part for him. Finally! It had been too long since I’d had a good...

“Here.” I handed Ella a business card I’d fished from my clutch. I hadn’t heard a word she said but I did want to catch up. “Call me when you’re free. I’ll drop everything. I’d love to hear what you’ve been up to these last few years. It hasn’t been the same without you.” I kissed Ella’s cheek. “Oh, and it’s just Belle, now. I dropped the Sara part when I started my own business. It sounded a little too provincial for my liking. Have fun,” I said and walked directly toward the gorgeous specimen I couldn’t take my eyes off of.

“Hi,” I said stepping in his path. To my absolute astonishment, he *grunted* and pushed by me. I stood in complete shock watching the beast of a man make a beeline for the bar. *Classy*, I thought and followed. He wasn’t getting away that easy.

He was just what I needed. I could smell a good Dominant from a mile away, and this guy he set off my radar the moment he stepped into the room. He'd give me what I craved. He'd be the best Dom I'd ever had.

I just knew it.

Now if I could only get him to notice me.

Chapter Two

Aiden



I couldn't take my eyes off her. But I couldn't have her. Not now. Not ever.

Not with this curse hanging over my head.

Not a real curse, this isn't a fairytale. But I am cursed with a very specific need. One that scares everyone I've ever told. One that makes people look at me with such horror and disgust I've stopped telling people. I've stopped thinking I'll find someone who can handle what I need. Because no one can.

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I didn't expect to catch the eye of a brown eyed beauty though.

It would take everything I had to keep my cool around her. Everything within me not to throw her over my shoulder and show her how much of a monster I truly was.

The crowd parted for me as I made my way to the bar. Alcohol always dulled the need. But she intercepted me, stood right in my way and said hi to me. I grunted, pushed by her and sidled up to the bar. Two drinks down with another on the way and I finally felt more in control. The bartender slid my third bourbon down the bar and I took a long sip, turning to face the crowd.

“Hi, I’m Belle, and you’d better not drink too much or you won’t be up for what I have in mind for you.” She was right in front of me, smirking and standing so close she had to crane her neck to make eye contact.

“Excuse me?” I growled, clenching the rocks glass.

“You heard me, but I’ll spell it out.” She stepped toward me, her big brown eyes locked on mine as she touched the silver pendant around her neck.

“You’re *exactly* what I need tonight. Why don’t we go back to your place?”

The rocks glass shattered in my hand.

Her lips curved into a grin. “Been a while, has it?”

I stepped closer to her, intentionally putting myself in her space. “I don’t know who you think you are *princess*—”

“I already said, I’m Belle. And I’m certain I have *exactly* what you need.”

I laughed in her face. “I highly doubt that. Go play with the other socialites. I’m here for business.”

She smiled at me, a smile that probably opened a lot of doors for her, probably turned men into piles of goo. She had a magnetism, an air of overt sexuality about her that I wasn’t ashamed to admit, had my cock’s attention. And she was gorgeous. Long hair, big brown eyes, and the rack on her, hell, I could see myself getting lost in there. But I wouldn’t risk it. I wouldn’t be laughed at or looked at like I was a monster again. I wouldn’t give in to her.

She reached up, grabbed me by the neck and pulled me down to her level.
“I know what you are,” she said in my ear.

I ripped myself out of her grasp. “You know nothing about me,” I said, jaw clenched, fists balled, and left the ballroom as fast as I could.

Chapter Three

Belle



What the hell was that?

The man whose pants I desperately wanted in nearly ran away from me. A few years ago I would have assumed it was me, certain that I'd done something to turn him off, or that I was unworthy of his attention in some way. Now I knew better.

It could only be one thing.

He hadn't come to terms with his proclivities—yet.

If that were the case then it was a crying shame. I knew he was a hard Dom just by the way he carried himself. He threw off alpha vibes like nothing I'd ever felt before, but then I'd always been into the scene. I knew what to look for. If he didn't know there were others like him... and still others that liked being dominated—

He probably felt like a monster.

I followed him which wasn't hard since he towered over the other guests. He exited the ballroom through a door that led to one of my favorite places in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. The library.

I ducked into the grand room and surveyed the stacks for my conquest's massive frame. But I didn't see him anywhere. Where was he? I saw him come in, he had to be—

“Ooooooh!” I yelled as he stepped from between two stacks and pinned me against a shelf before I knew what happened. Hard body pressed against mine and a darkness in his eyes I couldn't get enough of.

“Is this what you want?” he roared in my face.

Cheeks hot with lust and dizzy from the sudden burst of adrenaline I looked directly at him. “Yes,” I said simply.

I'll never forget the look on his face. His eyes widened, then narrowed in disbelief. “No,” he said firmly. “It's not.” He put me back on the ground—I hadn't noticed my feet were *off* the ground—and walked away.

“Hey!!” I yelled to his back. “Where do you think you're going?”

He didn't respond, just lumbered toward the exit.

He wasn't getting away from me that easy. I reached behind me, grabbed a book from the shelf and chucked it at his head.

The book thudded against his skull. He spun on his heel and towered over me in one giant stride. “Listen, I don't know what your deal is—”

“I know exactly what yours is,” I interrupted. I was tired of the foreplay. I wanted the action.

He looked down at me and sighed, whiskey scented breath grazing my cheeks and bemused annoyance playing with his gorgeous features. “Is that so?”

I nodded, straining to look up at him. “It's simple. You're a Dom. Which is perfect because I'm a sub.”

He looked at me like I had three eyes. “What are you talking about?”

For the briefest second I doubted myself. Was I wrong? Couldn't be, I picked up on his Dom vibe from across the room. “Let me guess, you like to be rough with your partners?” I took his silence as affirmation. “There are lots of people who like rough stuff, and lots who like getting roughed up. I should know. I'm one of them.”

Chapter Four

Aiden



Was she serious? There were others like me? I wanted to believe her but I needed proof.

“See this?” She touched the silver pendant on her neck. Her exquisite, slender neck I could easily wrap my hand around and watch as she—

I shook my head trying to free myself of the disgusting thought. What kind of person enjoyed choking people?

“It’s not just a necklace,” she said and unclasped it, dangling the black cords and metal pendant in front of me. “It’s a tiny flogger,” she said, smiling ear to ear. She cracked the cords in the air once, then across her arm. “This one isn’t big enough to hurt much but I have plenty others.”

“Is that so?” I asked.

She stepped forward, her beautiful brown eyes locked on mine. “It is.”

I shook my head and stepped back. “I doubt you could handle what I—”

She put a finger to my lips. “Why don’t we just see about that?”

The touch of her finger, her scent wafting through the air, the excitement in her eyes—I couldn't take it. I roared as I grabbed her by the waist. Her eyes went wide as I spun her around and pinned her to the wall. Not with fear, I knew exactly what that looked like, I'd seen it far too many times. Belle's eyes were wide with excitement, anticipation, and maybe even joy.

"Corsage," she said as I yanked her shoulders free of her dress. "That's my safe word. Stop if you hear it." I nodded once and ripped the gown the rest of the way off her torso. Jesus, she was incredible, tits spilling out over the top of a black corset, thigh-high stockings and garters—it was like she'd dressed for me or knew exactly what I wanted to see. I ran my hands down her legs, wrapping them around me and pressed myself against her panties.

"What do you like?" I asked. "What do you want me to do to you?"

Belle's lips curved into a slow smile. "What I want can't be accommodated here. But I'll settle for you fucking me against this wall. The real question is what do *you* want to do to me?"

The sparkle in her eyes, the smirk on her lips, and the confidence in her tone made all the times I'd worked up the nerve to tell the others what I wanted and all the times they looked at me in horror fade away. I knew I could trust her. I knew she could handle it. We were the same.

I stroked her cheek with a single finger. "I want to see you come with my hand around your throat."

Belle's smile widened as her lids lowered. She took a big, shuddering breath and said, "That sounds fantastic."

Chapter Five

Belle



He smiled at me, a smile that erased all the darkness from his eyes. A smile that I was certain hadn't crossed his features in quite some time.

"Ground rules," I said quickly as he moved the lacy strip of underwear to the side.

"Go on," he said, crooked smile on his lips as he dragged a finger down my opening. "Christ, you're so wet."

My eyes rolled as he touched me with feather lightness. "Ground rules," I said again, trying to hold on to my thoughts as he played with my clit. "Safe word.." The rest of my sentence trailed away as he found just the right pressure to pull a moan from me.

"It's corsage, I remember," he said and plunged a finger deep into me.

"Ooooooh!" I grabbed his wrist, making him stop. "This is important, and I can't think straight while you're doing that."

He gave me a quizzical look.

“The safe word won’t work if you’ve got your hand on my throat. If I knock on the wall three times, that means stop.”

“Got it. Anything else?”

“Yes. But we’ll get to that later,” I smiled at him, knowing that as good as this was going to be, showing him what we could *really* do would be even better.

With his free hand, he yanked mine from his wrist, grabbed my other hand and pinned them above my head. “Do you like that, Belle?”

“Yes.” The word came out as a breathy shudder and as hot as I’d been before, trapping my arms turned it up tenfold.

“And how about this? Do you like it when I touch your tight little cunt like this?”

I couldn’t answer, just gasp and moan as his fingers drew maddening circles around my clit.

“Answer me, Belle,” a harsh edge to his tone as he flicked across my clit hard enough to be the perfect mix of pleasure and pain.

“Oooooooo! Yes!”

“Yes what?” he pulled his fingers away. A tiny punishment for the wrong answer.

I *knew* he’d be an incredible Dom.

“Yes, I like it when you touch my tight little cunt like that. Please, don’t stop.” I wiggled my hips toward him, and he rewarded my correct answer with two fingers deep inside me. He curled them upward, toward my belly button, but didn’t push them in and out like most. Instead, he finger fucked me with an up and down motion which kept constant pressure on my g-spot.

My eyes rolled up and I screamed as he gave me the quickest climax I'd ever had.

"Did you like that?" He asked when my legs stopped shaking.

"Yes," I said nodding.

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, sir," I replied with a lazy smile.

"Uh-uh," he said shaking his head.

My stomach dropped in a delicious way. This sexy, amazing, *gorgeous* guy who was also an incredible natural Dom wanted me to call him the highest honorific there was. It turned me on like nothing else could. "Yes, *Master*." I whispered the words to him and was rewarded with a dazzling smile.

Chapter Six

Aiden



I swear to Christ I almost came in my pants when she said it. I yanked at my zipper, freeing my rock hard cock and rubbed the length between her slick pussy lips. “Do you like that?” I asked, tapping the head on her swollen clit.

She nodded and let out the sweetest, sexiest moan I’d ever heard.

The sound made me even harder but it wasn’t the right answer.

I squeezed her wrists sharply, making Belle gasp as her eyes flew open. “Yes, Master, I like it very much.”

“Tell me what you want me to do, Belle.” I brushed the head of my cock against her soaked opening, pressing just the slightest bit into her.

“Please,” she said, scooting herself closer to me.

I pulled away. I wanted to hear it. I loved hearing it.

She rocked her hips and arched her back trying to get more. “Please,” she said again.

I squeezed her wrists even harder. “Tell me what I want to hear, Belle,” I growled.

She shook her head and pressed her lips together. I smiled, what a little glutton. “You want me to tease you? Is that it?” I rubbed myself along her folds slowly, watching as shivers racked through her body.

“Yes, Master. Please tease me.”

Her fucking incredible tits heaved out of the black corset and she shuddered uncontrollably against me. I leaned in and did just what I saw myself doing earlier—burying my face in them. Fuck! She was so soft and warm and smelled like vanilla and cherries. If I had died right then I would die happy.

“Please,” she said again, pulling me from the reverie of her rack.

“Please what, Belle?”

Her eyes fluttered closed as I ground myself against her. “Please...” she trailed off into a string of moans. I kept grinding against her and leaned in to suck on her pink nipple. First I took it between my teeth, flicking it back and forth with my tongue. That got me quite a few more moans and sighs. Then, I sucked on it hard, harder than the average person would like. I sucked hard enough to make Belle beg for more. When I pulled away a ring of pinkish, bruised flesh stayed behind.

“Please, Master,” she said when I looked up. “I want you to fuck me.”

I obliged her wide-eyed request, slamming my full length deep into her tight, perfect cunt. Fuck! She was so hot, so wet, if I wasn’t careful I’d come way before I was ready to stop fucking her.

“Tell me when you’re close, Belle,” I said.

“Yes, Master,” she said, grinding herself against me as I held her fast to the wall with my hips.

“You’ve got the sweetest little cunt I’ve ever seen, Belle,” I whispered to her.

Belle moaned, arching her back into each of my thrusts. “I’m getting close, Master.”

I put my hand to her throat. First gently, astonished at how soft and supple her skin was, and how easily I could fit her entire neck in my hand. Then I applied slow, even pressure. “Are you going to come for me, Belle?” She nodded. “Good, I want you to come for me. I want to see you come like this. I want to see you come harder than you ever have before.”

A tremendous orgasm ripped through her—eyes rolled up, body thrashing into mine. She came so hard, I could feel her tightening around my cock.

And that was it for me. I exploded into her, coming harder and longer than I ever had before.

I let go of her neck, slowly, gently so she wouldn’t get a head rush or pass out. Then I let go of her wrists and held her close to me until she started to breathe normally.

Chapter Seven

Belle



I *knew* he was a natural, I thought to myself as I heaved against his chest, catching my breath. I knew he was, and yet somehow I hadn't expected him to be so *good* at it. Like right now, this was aftercare done right—but how did he know to do it? How did he know how to squeeze a throat but not make a bruise?

I also knew as soon as he put his hand to my throat that I could trust him completely and that feeling of letting go, of putting trust so entirely in someone else was so intimate, so freeing.

So fucking hot.

My mind raced through all the things I wanted to show him, teach him, all the ways I wanted to please him. But they would have to wait. I couldn't do any of those things in a library.

“Belle?” he said my name so softly, so gently, it was almost like he'd turned my given name into a pet name.

“Mmm?”

“Do you need anything? Water? Food?”

I smiled into his chest. “No, but thank you. That’s very thoughtful and exactly what a good Dom should do.”

“Do you think you can stand on your own?”

I nodded and he guided me down the wall. “Ooooh,” I said as my thighs were freed of his hips and finally in a neutral position.

“Are you all right?” he asked.

“Yes, just a little sore. Nothing to worry about.” I picked up my dress, or rather what was left of my dress, and tried to make it look like it hadn’t been ripped off me by a sexy, gorgeous beast of a man. It was no use. The ball gown was ruined, torn nearly in half in the heat of the moment.

He gave me a sheepish glance as he put his own clothes back in order. “Sorry about that. I didn’t mean to destroy it.”

“Don’t worry about it. I have plenty of ball gowns. I am a bit worried about how I’m going to get out of here in just a corset and stockings though.”

Smiling, he took my face in his hands and looked deep into my eyes. “Don’t you worry about that, Belle. I’ll take care of it. I do have to take care of something else first.”

I pulled away. “What do you mean? You’re not going to leave me here like this, are you?”

“I’m afraid I have to. I came here for business. You derailed that.” He grabbed my ass and pulled me close. “Not that I mind. But I do have to talk to someone. It shouldn’t take long.” He kissed the top of my head and lumbered out of the library.

The anxiety I thought was something only the old me had to deal with, something I thought I’d gotten under control, came crashing back as I watched him leave the room. What if he didn’t come back? What if he left

me here in my underwear as some cruel prank? I didn't even know his name! What if I had to leave the biggest social event of the year in my garter and corset?

No. I wouldn't let myself go down that rabbit hole. I wouldn't get worked up. That wasn't who I wanted to be anymore. I shook my head, clearing away the unwanted thoughts and tried to reframe the situation.

"You trusted him enough to let him put his hand on your throat. You can trust him to come back. But if he doesn't, worst case, you do have to walk out in your undies... then what?" I tried to envision the absolute worst scenario. "The whole of the Upper East Side sees my new line of kinky lingerie and jewelry. Hmm, that's not a bad idea, actually. I could spin it as if I'd planned it... free marketing is always good."

I kind of liked the idea. All publicity was good publicity and with my new line hitting the website in just under a month, I could use all the word of mouth I could get.

The line already had hundreds of pre-orders, mostly from my existing clients but getting a big jump in sales could put me well over my quarterly goal.

Pleased that I'd subverted my own anxiety, I picked up my gown again to try to fold it and as I did my flogger necklace fell to the floor. I must have dropped it when he'd pinned me to the wall. I smiled as I put it on—I'd been so caught up in the moment I hadn't realized I'd dropped it.

That was *exactly* what I needed.

Chapter Eight

Aiden



“Get your head in the game, Aiden,” I said to myself as I left the library. I needed to focus but all I could think about was Belle. Seeing her again, touching her again, making her come again. That’s all my mind wanted, all *I* wanted.

But I couldn’t be distracted right now. I had to find Colin Cosworth and make him listen to me. I scanned the ballroom for the stout man and spotted him on the far side by the champagne bar. “Figures,” I grumbled and marched through the crowd of debutantes and escorts. There he stood double fisting champagne like a teenage girl. “Mr. Cosworth,” I said as he wiped his drooping mustache on his sleeve. “I’m glad I ran into you.”

The middle-aged man sighed. “Mr. Prince, how nice to see you,” he said, the lie clear in his tone.

I didn’t blame him. I’d been a pain in his ass for the past six months. I smiled, ignoring the tone. “I think I’ve found a way to give us both what we want.”

“Mr. Prince, as I’ve told you countless times, the property is not zoned for commercial use. You cannot open any type of business on the lot. You can, however, use the building as a living space.”

Fists balling at my sides and teeth grinding together, I held on to my temper with every bit of restraint I had. “It’s a warehouse for Christ’s sake. At one point it was zoned commercial. I don’t see why—”

“This really isn’t the time or place for such things, Mr. Prince. Furthermore, there’s nothing I can do about it.” The man downed his drink, coughed on the bubbles, and hurried away from me.

“Fuck,” I grumbled. The obnoxious man was my last hope. I was fed up with bureaucratic red-tape and I thought if I could reason with him in person...

“Hey, have you seen Belle?” A debutante in a garishly pink dress tugged at my sleeve.

“I have,” I said simply.

She folded her arms. “Well, do you know where I can find her?”

“No,” I lied and walked away, smiling as I heard her mumble “*brute*” under her breath. I headed for the bar, snagging some melons and grapes from the fruit table as I went. I got myself and Belle some bottled waters and headed back to the library.

“Everything all straightened out?” Belle asked when I sat down next to her among the stacks.

I handed her the fruit and water. “Not even close,” I said and took a long pull from my own bottle.

She popped a melon ball between her perfect lips. “Anything I can do to help?”

“Not unless you know anyone on the city council who can get one of my properties rezoned.”

Belle smirked at me. “And just who am I asking for?”

Oh, Christ. I’d fucked this woman six ways from Sunday, held her actual life in my hands and she didn’t know my fucking name? “It’s Aiden. Aiden Prince and I should have introduced myself earlier. I apologize.”

“Well, Mr. Prince, I’m Sara-Belle French but I go by Belle.

“And I go by Aiden unless our clothes are off. Then I think you know what to call me.”

I watched as Belle finished the last of her fruit. Every move dripped with sexuality, even the way she chewed seemed suggestive and erotic. I didn’t think it was something she did on purpose. Belle just oozed sexuality by default. “Are you ready to get out of here?” I asked when she’d finished her water.

“I thought you’d never ask.”

I put my jacket over her shoulders and we left the library. Belle drew everyone’s eyes as we made our way through the grand ball room.

She didn’t seem to mind one bit.

Chapter Nine

Belle



Aiden opened the door to one of the waiting cabs in front of the hotel and got in after me.

“Where to?” asked the driver. I gave him my uptown address and prodded Aiden about his property, location, square footage, etc.

Turns out, he owned prime real estate in the heart of a very wealthy area of Manhattan.

“If it were zoned for commercial use, what would you do with it?” I asked.

Aiden shook his head. “I’m not sure. I do know that I can’t do anything with it as it is, and that’s not a return on my investment.” He sighed. “Don’t worry about it, Belle. I’ll figure it out. I always do.” He patted my thigh and as his skin touched mine our eyes locked. He gave me a devilish look. A look that said he’d have me right here and now if it weren’t for the cab driver. I raised an eyebrow as he slid his hand up my leg and brushed against my panties.

I couldn’t help but let a tiny gasp through my lips. Aiden leaned in close. “Better be quiet, Belle. We don’t want to get kicked out of the cab, do we?” I nodded and pressed my lips together while Aiden pushed my legs farther

apart. I shuddered as he stroked me through the fabric. “Just say the word and I’ll stop,” he whispered.

Stopping was the last thing I wanted. He grabbed me, fingers sinking into my wet panties and shook my whole pussy back and forth.

I whimpered as he jostled me, shaking and sliding my clit between my slippery folds. It felt so incredible, I couldn’t help it. No one had ever touched me like that.

“You turn me on so much, Belle,” he rumbled in my ear. “I can’t wait to get you out of this cab.

I was on the verge of coming again. And there was no way I’d be able to keep quiet.

The driver cleared his throat, bringing me back to reality. “We’re here,” he said eyeing me in the rear view.

Aiden slid his hand out from between my thighs and I grabbed a bunch of bills from my clutch, not bothering to count. “Thanks,” I said, shoving the money in his hand while avoiding eye contact and got out. The doorman nodded to us as we walked in, not showing any outward sign that he noticed I only wore lingerie and a suit jacket. Like any good doorman on the Upper East Side would.

Aiden barely waited until the elevator doors closed before he had me pressed against the wall, kissing my neck, running his hand down my thighs. “I want you so much, Belle. It’s taking every bit of restraint I have not to fuck you in this elevator right now.”

I whimpered at his words. I couldn’t help it. “You’ll be glad you waited,” I said.

The elevator dinged, the doors opened and Aiden pulled himself away from me. “Lead the way.” I led him down the hall to the end unit, unlocked the

door and let him inside the condo. Aiden whistled as he took in my corner loft. “This is a *really* nice place, Belle.”

“Thank you. I do pretty well for myself,” I said.

“What is it you do?” he asked.

I smiled. “We’ll get to that later. First, you need to make good on all those promises. And I need to show you my kinky room.” I took him by the hand and led him to my bedroom, opened the closet, then opened the hidden door on the back wall. “This was another bedroom but when I bought the place I had the room sealed and this door put in. I don’t need the housekeeper knowing my business, do I?”

Aiden shook his head slowly as he looked around my room of kinky deliciousness. He scanned everything quickly then his eyes settled on the thing I’d hoped they would.

My favorite thing. The thing that intimidated most others. “What’s that?” he asked with a crooked smile.

“That is a torture wheel.” I walked over to the eight-foot steel circle and explained. “These here,” I pointed to the two-inch metal rings attached to the wheel at eleven and two o’clock, “are to attach cuffs or rope or whatever you’d like to tie my hands with. And these down here,” I pointed to the ones at four and seven o’clock, “are for my legs.” It didn’t take long for Aiden to put together the geometry. Tying me up at those points would put me in a spread eagle position—one of the most vulnerable positions there was.

Aiden sighed a big, shuddering sigh that shook his shoulders and made his eyes close. “Take off your clothes,” he said while shrugging out of his jacket.

“Do you want me to show you the rest of—”

“Take off your clothes, Belle,” he commanded, voice low and strong.

“Yes, Master,” I said and happily did what I was told. While I unlaced my corset Aiden busied himself by carefully making his way around my room, examining toys, testing out rope, cracking floggers and paddles against his own skin. I smiled to myself. Every good Dom should know what a toy feels like before they use it, and Aiden instinctively knew that.

Once he’d tried everything on display in the room, he went back to the rope section and chose a black cotton rope. It was my favorite rope, the soft, strong fibers didn’t tug or scrape my skin and it was long enough to do interesting knots and suspension play.

“Why aren’t you undressed, Belle?” he asked softly, firmly, in a Dom voice so sexy all the blood in my body rushed to my pussy.

The slightest whimper caught in my throat as the sweet, heavy feeling in my nether region grew unbearable. “I’m sorry, Master.” I bowed my head to him and hurried to get the rest of my laces undone.

“Leave it,” he whispered and was suddenly towering over me, looking at me with those intense eyes. “If you can’t manage I’ll do it myself.”

Oh. My. God. His tone, the subtle power in his words, the dark look in his eyes, it made me lightheaded with desire. My hands fell away from the laces, hanging limp at my sides. I wouldn’t do anything until he told me.

Aiden walked the Dom line with exquisite perfection.

He stepped back and took off his shirt and tie, letting them fall to the ground in a heap. He was even bigger than I thought. Muscled and broad and *fuck* I wanted to touch him but I wouldn’t move unless he said so. He took off his pants and my knees went wobbly. The perfect V of his torso, the low ride of his massively tented boxer-briefs that showed off the heavenly ridge where oblique ends and hip begins.

If he had told me to come I would have exploded for him right there. I *could* have just at his words

I finally raised my gaze to Aiden's dark, smiling eyes. "Am I to your liking, Belle?"

I shuddered at his tone before I could answer and only managed to do so with a trembly voice. "You are absolute perfection, Master."

He smiled and came toward me. Aiden unlaced my corset the rest of the way and gently removed it. Then he took his time with my garters, slowly unhooking them and painstakingly rolling down each stocking to my ankles. He slipped each one off my foot and then slid the garter belt off my hips. He stepped back to look at me in only my black lace panties.

I bowed my head as his eyes drank me in. "Look at me, Belle," he commanded quietly. I whimpered when I saw his expression, pure rapt delight as he eyed each curve and swell of my body.

"Take off your panties." My movements were slow, thoughts hazy with hormones and the sub space he was so adept at manipulating. "Now, Belle," he said with a sharpness in his tone that zinged right through me, raising gooseflesh on my skin and bringing a deep throb to my pussy.

"Yes, Master." I yanked my underwear down and stood before the best Dom I'd ever been with, probably the best Dom to ever exist, nude and totally vulnerable. Completely beholden to his will.

It was absolute ecstasy.

Chapter Ten

Aiden



She was everything I thought didn't exist. Everything I wanted and so much more. As much as I wanted to fuck her tight, perfect pussy right then, I'd force myself to take my time. I wanted this to last. She'd broken the curse that hung over me for so long, one that I thought I was stuck with for all eternity. I would repay her properly.

"Step into the circle, Belle," I whispered, uncoiling the rope. "That's it." I looped the rope around her arm, threaded it through the smaller ring, and secured it tightly with a box knot. I did the same for the other arm and her legs. When I finished I stepped back to admire my work. "Fuck, Belle, you look exquisite spread out like that." I paced all the way around the contraption, getting a look at her from every angle. That's when I noticed the bolts on the outsides of the circle weren't stationary. They were affixed to a rotating plate—meaning the whole unit moved back and forth. I could lay her out if I wanted.

I'd save that for later. I didn't want to get too overwhelmed with options, but it was a nice feature that I'd definitely remember.

With just my fingertips I started on the underside of her arms, lightly following the curves down the side of her body all the way to her calves. I

picked up a toy labeled “The Violet Wand” and dragged it across her skin without turning it on.

Of the toys I tested, this offered the most range in sensation—a light electric hum to a sharp, painful shock. The thin wand wasn’t meant for inserting but to hover over the skin and deliver electro-static shocks of various intensities. I couldn’t wait to see how she would react to it.

“Are you comfortable?” I asked.

Belle nodded. “Yes, Master.”

“Are you ready to begin?”

“Yes, *please yes*, Master,” Belle’s whole body shuddered as she answered.

I turned the toy on the lowest setting and traced it across her stomach. Belle moaned and whimpered and my cock jumped at her sexy sounds. I brought it to the underside of her magnificent tits and this time she cried out, arching her back into the pain of the toy. “Do you like that, Belle?” I whispered in her ear, eliciting another whimper from her.

“Yes, Master. Very much.”

“Would you like it if I turned it up?” I whispered in her other ear.

Her eyes closed slowly as she answered. “Yes, Master.”

“Yes, Master what?” I asked softly.

Belle sighed, smiling from ear to ear. “Yes, please turn up the toy, Master.”

I obliged and ran it across both her nipples, making her squeal with delight. Her body heaved with shaky gasps when I pulled the toy away. When she’d recovered, I hovered the wand down the inside of her thigh, which again earned me a squeal and some sharp gasps as the sensation left her body.

“What your safe word, Belle?” I asked quietly.

“It’s corsage, Master,” she said thickly.

“And you will use it if you need to, right Belle?”

“Of course, Master.” I hadn’t forgotten the safe word but I did want to ground her a bit. Saying the word seemed to do the trick.

“Do you need a break, my sweet?”

“No, Master.”

I held the wand up to her eye level and watched her eyes widen as I turned it all the way up. “Are you ready, Belle?”

“Yes, Master,” she heaved. I stepped around the circle and ran the wand over her ass cheeks.

She screamed as the arcs of electricity touched her skin. I pulled it away quickly and stepped around so I could see her face. Smiling and gasping, her head relaxed backward, and she was so turned on her thighs were slick and shiny with her own juices.

I turned off the wand, let my boxers fall to the ground and stood in front of her waiting for her to come back to reality. After a few moments, I touched her cheek. “Belle,” I said in her ear.

“Mmm?”

“I want you to come for me, sweetie. Right now.” I didn’t know if she would, if she *could* come without touching her directly. But I sure as hell wanted to find out.

Moaning and sighing, she shuddered against my chest, rocking her pelvis back and forth and shaking in the restraints. “Come for me, Belle,” I said

again. And she did. She wailed and writhed as she let the climax overtake her.

When she recovered I checked all the restraints, making sure they weren't digging into her skin or hindering circulation. "Belle?"

"Mmm?" she said, eyes hazy and unfocused.

"Do you need a break?" She shook her head. "Do you want me to keep going?" She nodded. "I need you to say it, Belle."

The haze cleared from her gaze as she looked at me. "Yes, Master. Please keep going."

I rearranged her, lifting her feet to stand on the platform of the circle. "Hold on to the rings, Belle." When she had a good grip, I rotated the contraption roughly thirty degrees backward, putting her splayed open pussy on display and also at the perfect level for me to fuck.

But first, I wanted to taste her. "Are you comfortable, sweetie?"

"I am, Master."

"Good," I said and got down on my knees. "How would you like it if I licked your tight little cunt until you came? Her pelvis arched toward me as she whimpered. *Fuck!* That sweet, sexy sound drove me absolutely insane. "Would you like that?" I grumbled low and slow, watching her body shiver at my voice.

"Yes, Master," she whispered.

I didn't bother with teasing or build up, I dove into her sweet little pussy and lapped away like it was my last meal. Belle rocked and squirmed against me and I plunged two fingers as far as they would go inside her. I pressed against her g-spot and Belle screamed as I brought her to a peak. She convulsed around my fingers as her sweet juices dripped down my hand.

It took some time for her breathing to return to normal but when it did, I checked in again. “Do you want to stop, Belle?”

“No, Master,” she whispered.

I got off the floor and crawled inside the circle with her. “Belle, I’m going to fuck you now. I’m going fuck your tight little cunt harder than it’s ever been fucked before, is that all right?”

Belle whimpered again. “God yes, Master. Please, please, *please* fuck me,” she begged.

No warning, no teasing, I crashed into her pussy, slamming the entirety of my cock into her sweet, warm depths. She came with the first stroke, and I grabbed her hips as she bucked and arced, trying to keep a steady rhythm. When her climax ebbed away I grabbed the top part of her outer lips and shook them back and forth, shaking and sliding her swollen, wet clit all around. She came again, screaming and writhing, and this time, I let myself come too, growling as I spasmed into her.

God, she was perfect.

Belle shook with aftershocks for a good three or four minutes after I stopped touching her. She shook while I uprighted the circle and untied her arms and legs. She collapsed against me, totally spent, and I carried her to the bedroom, cleaned her of the mess we made and tucked her into bed. After I made sure she had a glass of water within reach, I crawled into bed next to her and fell to sleep as soon as my eyes closed.

Chapter Eleven

Belle



The next day I woke before Aiden. Sore and stiff from our night of debauchery, I took a long hot shower and let Aiden sleep as long as he liked. I had some things to take care of anyway.

A few hours later, after I'd finished a call with a friend on the city council, Aiden walked nude into the kitchen, grabbed the orange juice from the fridge and gulped it all down straight from the container.

"Sorry," he said when I gave him a half-hearted evil eye.

I smiled and tossed a banana at him.

"You were incredible," he said as he unpeeled the fruit.

I smiled again. "No, Aiden. *You* were incredible. I lost count of how many times I came. And I'm still kind of fuzzy around the edges. That was the deepest sub space I've ever achieved. You have such a natural intuition for Doming—you're better than any experienced Dom I've been with."

"Hm. Is that so?"

“Yes, it is. Which is why I’ve been busy all morning getting that Cogsworth turd to grant you a special permit. Your building will be zoned however you like, Aiden.”

“Are you kidding me, Belle?”

I shook my head. “Nope.” Aiden ran to my side of the island, scooped me up out of my chair and swung me around.

“You really are fucking perfect, Belle.”

“There is a catch,” I said from his arms.

“What’s that?” he asked, eyeing me with mock suspicion.

“Well, you asked what I did for a living, I think it’s time I told you. I’m the sole proprietor of an online fetish wear shop. I design every item I carry, including the baby flogger pendant and the lingerie I wore last night.”

“Okay. What does that have to do—”

I put a finger on his lips. “Shush, I’m getting there. I’ve built quite a community of kinky-minded people, many of whom are local and I think that warehouse would be a *perfect* BDSM themed club. We could have demonstrations on all kinds of things like suspension play and flogging, and there could be private rooms where people could get down and dirty if they wanted.”

Aiden looked at me like I had three heads.

“Of course it would be an invite only basis, and everyone would be thoroughly vetted by yours truly,” I said, scrambling to assuage any misgivings he might have.

Aiden put me down and looked at me a long time. “Belle, you are incredible,” he said.

“I am? I mean, yes, I am. Um, does that mean you’re in?”

Aiden smiled but didn’t answer.

“It would be your club entirely. I’d just be the vendor supplying all your equipment.”

He pulled me close, wrapping me in a tight hug. But still didn’t say anything.

“And of course, I’m the one you demonstrate the Torture Wheel on.”

Aiden stepped back to look at me, grinning ear to ear. “Absolutely! Of course, I’m in.”

I squealed and jumped back into his arms. “It’s going to be so much fun!”

“One condition though,” he said.

“What’s that?”

“We’re changing the name. It’s not a Torture Wheel, Belle. It’s The *Pleasure* Wheel.”

I smiled and hugged him even harder. “You’re absolutely right, Aiden. Absolutely right.”

The End



Snow White

She was forbidden. But so pure, like fresh snow. I knew I had to have her despite her father's standing in the company. I'd have her, I'd make her mine and she'd love every minute of it.

She stared at me, wide-eyed and perfect pink lips slightly parted as I danced her across the ballroom. "This will be a night you'll never forget, Alicia. I can promise you that." I slid my hand down the smooth curve of her back, wanting so much to cup her ass but not daring to in front of so many people.

But if I could get my hand between the ruffles of her gown, I might just...

Alicia gasped, big eyes staring up at me as I dug my hand into the meat of her ass. There was still fabric between us, but at least this way no one would notice.

At least I hoped they wouldn't

Each book in the Once Upon a Happy Ever After series is a complete standalone, HEA story with NO CLIFFHANGERS and NO CHEATING.

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Chapter One

Alicia

“Stop staring and geez close your mouth, Alicia, you look like a guppy.”

I poked my sister in the ribs. “I can’t help it, Abby. And I’m sure you weren’t any better your first time.”

“True, but I tried to keep it on the inside. Quit gawking at everything. People are starting to stare,” she said under her breath.

I didn’t care. Not one bit. This was supposed to be the best night of my life and I was going to enjoy every bit of it. I took in everything, the beautiful dresses, the strings playing gently in the background, the decorations in the grand ball room of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, everything. I wanted this night to last forever. I wanted to remember every detail.

Abby waved to someone across the room. “Hey, I need to make the rounds. Will you be all right alone?”

I nodded absently, still trying to etch a mental photo into my brain.

“Geez, Alicia. Just try not to embarrass me, okay? Try not to look like the sheltered debutante whose father wouldn’t let her debut until she turned eighteen, okay?”

I shrugged. What was I supposed to do? That’s exactly who I was. It was who Abby had been two years ago as well. She was just better at hiding it.

Abby sighed. “Nevermind,” she said under her breath and floated across the dance floor to whoever had caught her attention. I looked around the room again, wiped my palms in the billowy folds of my dress, and headed to the champagne bar. I couldn’t drink, not technically, but it was late enough and the waitstaff might be tired enough to actually serve me.

Besides, the only thing that could make a perfect night of romance, dancing, and ball gowns better was a teeny champagne buzz. I snagged a glass of rose colored bubbly off the table, marveling at my luck since the server didn’t seem to care in the least. But just as I brought it to my lips a gloved hand appeared in front of my face and took the glass from me.

“Hey!” I said as the hand held the champagne just out of my reach. I spun around to see who’d be so rude and stopped dead in my tracks, angry, accusatory words getting caught in my throat. “Hey,” I said again, and stumbled backward, tripping on the trailing layers of my gown as I looked into the most beautiful pair of baby blue eyes I’d ever seen.

I fell in slow motion, completely entranced by this stranger’s face, his presence, the small smile tugging at the corners of his lips. He caught me, a strong hand in the small of my back, before I actually hit the floor and set me upright.

“Would care to dance?” he asked, smooth voice sending ripples of heat down to my thighs.

“No, I’d like my drink back,” I said shocking myself and bringing an even bigger smile to the stranger’s lips. Did I actually say that? Was I just quippy?

He set the drink on the table and crossed his arms. “And what would your father say if he knew you’d been drinking tonight?”

I crossed my own arms. “How do you know who my father is?”

He bent down, his spicy masculine scent tugging at things low in my body. “Dance with me, Alicia,” he rumbled in my ear. Then, without waiting for an answer he took my hand and led me to the middle of the ballroom.

Who was this man? How did he know so much about me? Why did he make me want to do terrible, naughty things right here in the middle of the ball? And why didn’t that bother me?

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